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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Princess' Bath.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTH.

When the moon in azure heavens at the midnight hour is beaming,
And the ripples softly murmur, as in quiet slumber dreaming,
Downward to the lonely sea-shore goes the Princess proud and fair
And with busy fingers loosens all her wealth of golden hair;
From her bosom throws the vesture, and with thirsty, panting motion
Drinketh deep the cooling breezes, blowing landward from the ocean.
Slowly lingering sinks her mantle, till in beauty unconcealed
Timid shrinking, sweetly blushing, the fair woman stands revealed.
Shyly first she wets her foot-tip, then her whole form boldly throwing,
Plunges deep and sudden downward where the warm still waves are flowing,
Till the water foams and sparkles, and in eager, sweet desire,
Nestles round her heaving bosom with its waves of lambent fire.
Then the sea begins to murmur, drawn by love's restless spell,
Toward the beach in mad excitement all the billows foam and swell;
And the dolphin gazes kindly, with his clear sagacious eyes,
For he feels his cold heart glowing with a tender, glad surprise.
Dost thou hear the sea complaining? Maiden, from its deepest caves
Hear'st whispering, hear'st inviting, the wild pleading of the waves?
Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean, and the spirits from below
Feel the magic of thy rosy lips, thy bosom's stainless snow!
'Tis the fair-haired knightly striplings, who in ages long gone by
From distant shores sailed hither in the flower of youth to die,
While the lute resounded merrily, and foamed the circling cup,
Till the Sea, the dread Insatiate, ships and voyagers swallowed up.
'Tis the grey-haired men and heroes, stout in deeds and great in story
Who met here in deadly sea-fight, all athirst for martial glory.
'Tis the fisher-boy with golden locks, whose song thou oft hast heard,
Whom thy beauty's cruel power [to the fatal plunge hast stirred!
Ah, the sighing! Ah, the wailing! For they lie so long forsaken
Buried deep in ghastly caverns with the hydra and the kraken!
From above them, from below them, floating dim on every side,
Shadowy forms of fairest women hurry onward with the tide,
And the flowery bliss they tasted in their days of youthful pleasure,
And the joyous warmth once throbbing in the young heart's eager measure,
All, if all comes back to taunt them in the dreamy magic spell,
Wish, and longing and desire,—but alas! no life as well!
Now the spectres pale, at midnight when the quiet stars are burning
Hover upward from their icy depths in speechless bitter yearning.
Maiden, thou hast fired the ocean! And the spirits from the deep
Long to rest upon thy bosom, long to kiss thy rosy lip!
A bright sea-flower, never fading thou shalt bloom for them below.
And the poor, dead, frozen bosoms pressed to thine, again shall glow.
From the sunken, stony eye-balls wild their longing glance is thrown,
"Come! oh, come! Soon strikes the hour; soon the sea will claim its own!"
But the fair and lofty Princess heareth not their whispered sighs;
Sees no shadowy phantoms watching with their spectral, eager eyes.
Slow she rises from the water, gilding swan-like to the land,
And her golden locks anointed, turns majestic from the strand;

Calmly moving, sweetly smiling, to the stolen garden meeting.
When her lover's life warm kisses wait to bring her happy greeting,
And the poor, sad, frozen spirits cast one glance of helpless pain.
Stretch their arms once more despairing—sink back to their depths again.—

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Confessions of a Musical Soul.*

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

My earliest impressions of music, after my entrance into the world of active thought, were derived from my father's performance of the simple airs of Mozart and Haydn.

How often did I listen with a deep exhilaration of feeling, bordering on rapture to these simple compositions, which, supplying all the wants of our musical nature, are never listened to without creating a longing to hear them again.

In moments of listlessness, "*Nel cor non piu mi sento*" was a favorite theme of his, and it was seldom played without being followed by variations either of his own invention or of some genial composer.

My parent was wont to give me critical explanations of his music, and as my own intellectual growth kept pace with my instinctive love of this fine art, I was early awakened to a comprehension of some of the more obnoxious principles of this species of philosophy. My elementary impressions of music were simply those of pleasure, and, previous to my father's questionings on this and kindred subjects, I have never thought of making any analysis of this pleasure; of what it was constituted or through what medium it acted upon the intellectual system; nor did I ever dream of its capabilities in the way of description or its powers of representation. I know music to be an art which at all times relaxes the jaded mind, fills up the vacant hours of life, and delights the soul in a way that is but feebly described; because the attempt to truthfully paint the various shades of feeling seems utterly ineffectual; or to say what feeling is, is so problematical, that no describer of our inner life may be said to have ever been successful. When I was questioned by my Mentor, therefore, what "*nel cor non piu mi sento*" presented to me in regard to the inner imaginings of a peaceful and quiet life, a state of happy, placid resignation, leaving out of the question all the word-poet had attached to the sounds of the tone-poet, and drawing my conclusions from those sounds and their combinations only, I was unable to say

*In Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*" we find an interesting episode in the "*Bekenntnisse eines Schönen Seels*," in which the character of a woman of fine culture is drawn with philosophical depth and skill. In delineating the character here presented, Goethe is known to have chosen for his model a Moravian sister, although I have no certain data as to the circumstance under which he became acquainted with her. In the female portrait which the poet has given us, he chiefly strives to show the various phases of progress from a worldly intellectual, to a purely religious and emotional life, without reference to the musical condition in which every Moravian sister may be supposed to live. I have, therefore, adapted that tone of sentiment, more consonant with her nature and capabilities, which disavows the highest intellectual cultivation as the end of our being, and have allowed her to illustrate her devotional autobiography with musical themes, which she regards, at the same time, as the hand-maid of her faith.

what I thought of his real intents. My parent had told me the piece described feeling; but then what is feeling?—What were the incidents in that ceaseless drama of life in which "we live and move and have our being," that gave rise to these feelings, whose portrayal was here signified? A still more mysterious question was involved in the form of composition which followed the theme, termed the variation. I felt deeply, sincerely in the theme, but I became yet more deeply drawn within the mazes of a delicious and indefinable tone-thought, when variation succeeded to variation, and when one complex idea was developed from the simple conception, and that was followed by one yet more complex, and by another always augmenting in beauty, intricacy, subtlety, elaboration.

I was instructed in the maxim that music was a necessity; a necessity in its simpler elements, as well as in its radiations into a myriad forms. Hence the variation was a natural sequence of the theme, and the variation in the variation came forth as irrepressibly as the corruscation of fire or the crystallization of the metals. "These are the representations of the phases of life," said he, "as it passes within us, without reference to the outward, the objective part of our being; all these combinations of melody, set together and multiplied upon each other by the weird art and productive fancy of the master, are revealed truths of the inner principle of man, which, coming forth in the shape of tone, strike me so forcibly with their melodious effects. The theme represents the subject, and all that ornamentation called the variation is but a further illustration of the same subject, on application of the laws of musical rhetoric to a species of emotional narration, similar to word-language when used to illustrate and render attractive any topic of human thought."

At a very tender age I had imbibed a passionate love of flowers, and in the numerous marked localities of these my artless friends of nature, in the colored productions themselves, in the very fragrance they breathed forth, in the characteristics of their form and fascinating types of loveliness and innocence, I found a medium through which I might chronicle my affections in a permanent record. Through this power of association, for the flower spake to me in no other language, I was at all times able to recall events of the past; these pretty creations of an hour as they sprung up out of the fertile spot of earth, in their well known abodes, became a fond medium of communication between myself of to day, and myself of years gone by. But when the language of tone, the poetry of sound, superseded that of the floral world, I found myself transported to a new and higher sense of enjoyment. Hence I embraced with avidity all my father's teachings on the subject of musical aesthetics; the theme was so pure, so devoid of all the grossness of materialistic thought, that I sought it and dwelt upon it, and chose it as an enfranchisement from the duller things of earth.

I might date my earliest discoveries in music at that epoch when the heart softens and leaps instinctively at the melody of the dance. The Italian, with that widely known and universal instrument of mechanism termed the hand-organ, fully met the necessity of my musical nature, by the popular pieces of fact-composition which springs out of the elements of our emotional being. In our youthful and early struggle for the utterance of tone, we seek the music of the dance; and although a later stage of culture modifies and tempers this inclination, the impressions of ballet music are never lost. It seems to act in concert with the beatings of the heart, and when heard in the street, amid the turmoil of life and the strife of humanity, where the millions are toiling for bread, it gladdens the soul and brings on an oblivion of care. This gaiety of heart represented by ballet music resides within us and forms a portion of the history of emotion; it dates its growth back to our earliest years and never forsakes us; it is an unfailing element in all popular composition; a ready material in the hands of the composer and never dies out of life, until morbid thought succeeds to that healthy tone which lives in the ballet and makes it the companion of buoyant and effervescent joy.

In the forms of worship to which I had been trained, the Moravian hymn was kept in daily practice, and I exercised myself in all its most beautiful accords. Emanating from early times, and belonging to a school in which Bach himself was reared, the music is deep and imperishable, and, as some of the German writers are wont to express it, it comes up out of the profoundest depths of the human heart. These sacred melodies were intermingled with all the avocations of our family life; they made the festival a joyous occasion; they threw an odor of sanctity over the pleasures of the Birth-day! they beautified the solemnities of the tomb. The tidings of every death in the village were announced in this peculiar language, and each sex had its appropriate death-song. The dirge was sung at the interment, and when the remains of this earthly habitations were deposited in the earth, the trombone was the instrument used, and its long drawn and sombre notes were the significant emblems of a life to come. Among the earlier people of our sect, the events and circumstances of life were so closely interwoven with this and other kindred music, that the whole year passed away in a round of melodious history, and as I grew up amidst these musical associations, I continued to enter more deeply within myself and retreat from the actualities of a commonplace existence. The sounds of the Moravian Chorale, in common with those of the old Lutheran school, to which they are nearly allied, though occasionally represented by words, in which their spirit and meaning are feebly set forth, are in themselves, without the aid of word poetry, the fullest exponent of all that the soul can imagine, portray or aspire after. They claim but little sympathy with secular music in this one marked circumstance, that they disclaim all the passions of our worldly nature; never swell into that unbridled emotion in which the Italian is wont to indulge, nor sink into that hopeless despondency into which Beethoven so frequently casts himself before allowing entrance of the sunshine of hope.

These old and exquisite chorales, therefore, be-

came an indispensable portion of my early education; but in order to remain free of that morbid, sensitive, and overwrought emotional enthusiasm which usually invests an ultra religious nature, music in all its departments was sedulously cultivated among us. With exception of the practical ballet, for the theoretical ballet is found every where to a greater or less degree in tone poetry of a lyrical type, no species of musical composition was left untouched; and social life partaking of German conviviality and feeling, naive and joyous in action and demeanor; simple in its tastes, profound in its thinkings, beautiful in its ideale, was fully adequate to all my wants.

From that cradle state of musical perception which leads to no other inference than that music is a mere combination of pleasing sounds, in which the ear loves to indulge, to the higher stage of an inner appreciation, my progress under a father's tutelage was easy and natural. He taught me that the inner life of music was like the inner life of poetry—that music was poetry itself, although conveyed to the mind through the medium of tone. There was no prose language in music, since all its imaginings, all its ethereal tone-figures, were the creations of a purely practical element within us, identical with that principle which treats all the objects of surrounding life and nature with the glow of emotion and impassioned description. In earlier times such masters as Haydn, Mozart and their whole school of disciples followed the natural graceful rhythm of the classic age of English poetry, and, like Pope and Dryden, they exhibit a flow of numbers natural to the workings of the human mind, under the influence of a simple desire to express, calmly, gracefully, cheerfully and felicitously, all that nature is awakening within us, previous to that new birth of transcendentalism which excessive intellectual education is apt to engender, and of which this modern age throws in our way so many unfortunate examples.

The English word-poets, therefore, and the German tone-poets of a nearly similar epoch were recommended to me, in my first studies of poetry in its universal form, in combination with a love of the visible creation and of the art of pictorial design, that begins with simple mimicry and ends with philosophy.

It was explained to me that musical history had passed through stages of development similar to those of written poetry; from the Homeric or sensual to the intellectual and spiritual. As in the earlier forms of the Epopee, nothing was ever attempted but outward description, with no reference to surrounding impressions on the mind, so in the earlier periods of modern music there was a more frequent imitative power at work in the representation of battles, storms, changes of seasons, the language of animals, and the whole visible machinery of nature. In its application to the uses of mimicry, music loses its true and higher attribute; that of utterance to the soul's pensive moods; yet, like in painting and written poetry, an inherent beauty, a faculty of captivation still remains. All poetry, be it ever so grossly misapplied or derogatory in its aims; all painting, even when made subservient to the worst of ends, still retains what some philosophers have termed the beauty of ugliness; and, by analogy, all music preserves, under every condition, portions of an ineffaceable charm.

As before observed, music of all grades was diligently cultivated in our village, and, besides the many who made it a means of support, no one who could devote himself to the pursuit omitted to take some instrument that accorded with his taste or was commensurate with his faculties.

In common with my female friends, I was addicted to the piano; some learned the guitar, some the harp, while others, whom nature had gifted with fine voices, took their places in the concert room, and, ranged in prim attire in front of the orchestra assisted in rendering to a select audience the classical compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Romberg, Neukomm, and a host of others, to whom the past century has given celebrity and who have received the apotheosis that is due to all the master spirits of the divine art.

Many of these works of the early masters of tone resemble the productions of the painter, in the enduring impressions they leave on the mind, and that inherent power of thought, which is constantly calling for study, analysis, criticism and repeated contemplation of their strong points.

A thousand passages are nothing more than the every day language of the soul, to which no utterance is ever given; leaving itself to be felt or recited by the imagination; a day-dream of hope aspiration, joy, tempered by fits of despondency and even temporary despair. To this latter phase of mental anguish the Zinzendorfian authors allowed no admission; all was forgiveness, love, gentleness; the Redeemer of mankind was a brother, a father, and, not unfrequently, a spouse. The poetry which flowed from this sacred fountain was eminent for its peculiarly anthropomorphic tone, and for these figures of heart language which bring God and man into such close companionship.

Thus our village education became strongly imbued with a love of that form of Art which has its outlet in tone: which, instead of offering its finest creations to the contemplation of the eye, enters the soul through the ear alone. All art is emotional, since poetry is applied to all its exhibitions, in whatever shape they appear, and wherein the culture of one village social life was so strongly tinged with that kind of education, its whole tone became emotional. It is seldom that all behold the two faculties of music and painting united, since emotion in the same individual is not wont to exercise itself in these two different though fraternal modes; hence our chronicles have handed down to us the names of few painters, but a great number of musicians. Our isolation from general society, or, as it is termed, the world, furnished a much better opportunity for the growth of all that relates to an inner development than that contact with society which receives the impress of its follies and its weaknesses and is ever borrowing its standard of thought and action. Shut out in a great measure from such distractions, music invested our little secluded world with a halo of tranquil happiness, which it is pleasant to look back upon. For the repertoire from which we drew our musical recreations, every department of composition occupied a place. Our religious festivals were not only distinguished by the chorales to which I have referred, but choice extracts from Haydn and Mozart rendered our solemnities, occasions of sacred gladness, replete with chaste joys and

heavenly imaginings. But divine love was not alone the subject of thought among us; the study of secular music brought with it, and communicated a fondness for, poesy in all its various forms.

We had the *Nocturne*, wherein our vocalists displayed their best talents in the service of that species of night song which devotes itself to all the poetical imagery that accompanies the romantic passions. Many and beautiful were the quartets sung by the Männerchöre, young and old, after the evening had sunk into its deep, still and impressive quiet.

In the concerts given by our Philharmonicists every grade of music was introduced; the solemn, the gay, the sublime, the ludicrous; and it was listened to with due appreciation.

One of the most marked epochs of my life was my introduction to the spectacle of the opera. It was at that more mature stage of education and experience when judgment has fixed and settled the intellect, and the young imagination can no longer be led astray by the spacious glare of theatrical fictions. A chain of circumstances, which it would be superfluous to relate, brought me into this temptation, for as such I viewed it at the time, and the impressions induced thereby are not yet forgotten through the long years that supervened. In an animated struggle between the consciousness of doing wrong and the extreme delight of listening to such fascinating music, amid all the accessories of painting and poesy made visible, I sat and listened through that long evening of fear and joy.

The charming Italian song was melody in its bewitching form; fading quickly away, but always returning again in some new attractive colors; a succession of evanescent hues that leave no durable impression on the soul; yet as music in its absolute sense it was pure; but mixed with this purity came the alloy of worldly love, rendered hideous in my eyes by the contamination of licentiousness, crime, and the contending passions of man and woman. It is true, as a student of Beethoven, I had observed in some of his tone-fictions, a similar exhibition of purity and impurity; but then no visibility was given to the birth, triumph and fall of human passion; and being divested of all that material clothing which enables the melodrama to appeal to the senses of the multitude, human thought, though under the excitement of wildest passion and evil sentiment, comes up before us in the purity of form which characterizes all melody.

The origin of Art lies so deep, that it has never yet been clearly shown why and how it has become such an abiding necessity of our nature. Like many other abstract problems which engage the attention of the intellectual and the spiritually minded, its tendency is to divide and distract the judgments and opinions of its votaries, who can never agree as to whom it comes and whither it is tending.

This truth forced itself upon me when I studied that strange incongruity termed Opera. Such a beautiful fiction, so engaging, fascinating, so full of true poesy, and so much melody incorporated with and become a part of material life; active in its coldest forms, not even fit for the sculptor's uses, transformed into melody; all blended together by the skill of the master in so forcible a manner as to become perfectly reconcilable.

But opera retains an able argument in its favor

in the perpetuation and the enduring hold it has obtained on the tastes and affections of races and ages; with all its incongruities and apparent untruthfulness, it still lives and spreads its sway wherever the love of tone is in the ascendant. Like all the heart poetry of our literature, it proves that the ebullitions of the heart presented in their simple rhythmical arrangements constitute the only true poetry, and the perennial freshness that always marks such compositions secures for them the worship and esteem of generations. But written poetry need not be drawn from those elements of corruption and moral rankness which are so often used to place beneath the superstructure of the finest musical creations, and when we shall have seen such an era of moral opera dawn upon us, as draws from these sources whence high Art is supposed to spring, we may hope it will have arrived at a realization of its true mission.

My father was fond of indulging in musical conversations with me, and as he was not ignorant of the rules which underlie the philosophy of the sister arts of poetry, painting and sculpture, he was led to draw comparisons between them and his favorite, the fine art of tone. He frequently discussed the question of imitation, and observed that although imitative in itself is a lower step in Art, yet it is sometimes subservient to the highest efforts of imagination, both in music and painting. "The painter," he said, "is often condemned for a servile imitation of nature and action, in which he aims at so close, minute, and perfect a mimicry of external objects, as to deceive the eye of the beholder and lead him into the belief that he is looking at the reality. But it were unjust to despise that grade of painting which arrives at a successful imitation, for the highest talent and even genius is elevated to such service, and complete success in works of that class is rare. There are masterpieces in this grade of composition as well as in every other, and when the pure gems of artistic talent are exhibited, we must admire them, even if the subject be material or sensuous.

Not only were many of the best works of modern painters founded on the laws of imitation and mimicry, but the "Creation" of Haydn, the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven, and the Freischütz of Weber adapted these principles to the worthiest productions of all time. He held that although the subject of thought elevated the character of the composition, still many of the components of melody were never lost; that the most seducing harmony clung to the vilest tone pictures; as an exemplification of which I was referred to the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. And herein music may be said to serve similar purposes to those of painting—the glory of the art is never lost; a certain tone of beauty and harmony shines forth from every effort of the artist's pencil, should he even descend from the spiritual and sublime to the sensual and groveling. Another marked endowment of my parent was his universality; the artist, he said, was never sufficiently philosophical to allow himself to embrace one school without despising the others. It was essential to true genius to admire all, since the productions of every school are the emanations of genius.

This disparity in the origin and growth of the peculiar self-nurture of imaginative thought renders it so difficult to find these positive laws

and rules which every art student seeks, but never finds. Amid the mazes of such conflicting theories, he either becomes sceptical as to the existence of positive beauty, or swears allegiance to a single master, becomes the adherent of one school and discards every other. But in true art my preceptor taught me there was no school, and that he, who, by a regular system of logical reasoning on the simple laws of beauty in tone and colors, could develop from the works of the masters all that fell within the scope of his own consciousness of beauty, arrived at the highest realization of art.

The mind of the individual seldom disagrees with itself, whereas separate minds rarely correspond in all the divers points of emotion excited by the study of art and nature. The mind should be at peace with, resign itself to, and cultivate a fondness for its own images of beauty, and from this source derive the enjoyment which springs from eclectic art. To subserve this end, it should draw its recreations from every school.

As long as the Moravian village remained isolated and shut out, as it were, from the world, it retained in all their warmth and festivity the musical rituals and the annual celebrations that bore reference to the various stages of the history of our church. The common appellation of brother and sister was upheld, and the costume of the latter on sacred days was marked by its simplicity, and the chaste emblem it disclosed gave significance to our religious pleasures. The forms of worship, however, which were cherished within the secluded village could suffer no contact with the grosser element of worldly life. In those days of comparative seclusion, my associations and friendships were only with those I really loved, with those whose sympathies were alive to my own. In going beyond the limits of this narrow social existence, I found it impossible to assume that ready conventional tact which makes friends of all, of even those in whom we can find no congeniality. I found it hard to comprehend how those artificial friendships spring up, where the heart is always at war with itself, finding no real attraction in other beings, or that magnetism which draws soul to soul. This narrow life, however, was inclined to bring on fastidiousness, for even in our closest intimacies we are known to rebel against the most cherished objects, and, recoiling from our fondest attachments, seek refuge within ourselves, and even there to feel lost and dissatisfied. In such a crisis, I found music my safest refuge. Unlike many, who, from being its most impassioned votaries, leave it for a time with an indifference approaching disgust, awaiting the season when some new bloom of harmonious fancies shall have put forth within them, and reawakened all the old affection; my melodious impulses were always active, and led at times to an estrangement from all around me.

I am now speaking of a later stage of my life; although opportunities of marriage were often laid in my way, that growing fastidiousness, to which I have alluded, turned away from the object which fell so far short of my ideals.

(To be continued.)

MR. VARIAN JAMES, a rising native prima-donna, who is now giving concerts in the Eastern States, and who is endorsed by critical persons as a high, genuine soprano of brilliant quality, will visit Boston towards the middle of the month.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Spohr's Autobiography.

From Darmstadt Spohr furnishes an amusing chapter. It must be borne in mind that the time is 1815.

"Being obliged by the illness of my good wife to make a four weeks' stay here, I had ample time to become acquainted with the state of musical affairs in this city. I cannot report very favorably. The Grand-duke is very fond of music, and spends a good deal of money for it; but this fondness is one-sided, selfish and confined altogether to operatic music. His greatest pleasure is at rehearsals, to act as both orchestra-leader and stage-manager in his own august person. Not only does he, from a music-desk placed on the stage, direct the corps of musicians below, but superintends the smallest minutiae of the stage business. As in both capacities he thinks himself infallible and neither conductor nor manager dare oppose him, many blunders are committed. For although among the Grand-dukes he may be the best conductor it does not follow that he is even a tolerably good one in the common estimate. This is amply shown by his selection of works to be performed. The theatre is so richly endowed by his munificence that the taste of the public needs not be consulted at all. If the management could only have their own way, they might—and would probably—establish a repertoire of good, sterling works. But as the Grand-duke constantly interferes it happens that not only many indifferent works are constantly performed but many excellent ones are totally excluded, as, for instance, Cherubini's Operas, against which the Grand-duke is prepossessed. He makes an occasional exception in favor of this composer's "Water-carrier," but even of this work he only tolerates the first act. Even Mozart's operas do not appear to be to his liking, for when, one or two years ago, *Don Giovanni* was performed, after an opera, *Athalie*, by Ploissl had been rehearsed for thirty consecutive days, and the orchestra, glad to have escaped from the killing ennui of Ploissl's creation, played the first Finale with great warmth and energy, the Grand-duke remarked confidentially to the conductor: "After the Ploissl opera Mozart tastes rather stale."

The singers might be much better than they are, considering the high salaries which they are paid; it is said, however, that the Grand-duke is afraid to engage first-rate artists, lest they should not so readily conform to his wishes. The chorus (thirty men and thirty women) is excellent. The orchestra is numerous and contains some very good musicians, but also many of common stuff. The Grand-duke prides himself a good deal on its ensemble, especially the *pianissimo*; still intonation and distinctness are far from being perfect. Probably no other orchestra in the world is worked nearly as hard, for all the members are required to spend every evening which God has made, from six to nine or ten o'clock in the theatre. Every Sunday an opera is performed, and twice a week dramatic plays; on the remaining four evenings the Grand-duke holds his opera rehearsals. There is no rest except in case of his illness, during which no operas are performed or rehearsed, as he either believes or wants to make others believe, that without him nothing in that line could be done.

"It is indeed a singular sight to behold the old gentleman, bent with age, in military uniform, with the big star on his breast, indicate the time from behind his desk or see him arrange the chorus and hear his remarks to the orchestra, singers, and supernumeraries. There could not be a better manager if he only understood these things, as he has energy, perseverance, and, in his quality as Grand-duke the necessary authority. But unfortunately all his knowledge of a score is confined to his being able to read the first violin part tolerably well, and as he has had some lessons on this instrument in his youth, he is constantly tormenting the poor fiddlers with remarks,

without ever improving anything. In the meanwhile the singers may sing as false as they please, or the wind instruments may be a bar ahead or behind—he does not hear it."

Scudo on Wagner.

II.

The detailed criticism upon Wagner's music is confined to certain pieces performed at three concerts given him in Paris. Of the overture to the *Phantom Ship*, Scudo says:

"We see how much the poet and musician, combined in the person of M. Wagner, have wished to express in the overture, which is an assemblage of sounds, of dissonant chords, of strange sonorities, where the ear is utterly lost and wherein it is impossible to detect any plan or design whatever which may convey the composer's idea to the mind. It is literally chaos portraying chaos, where surge forth only a few blasts of harmony given out by the trumpets, which instruments the author greatly abuses in all his writings. This is where we are led in music, by symbolism and the pretensions of a false profundity which wishes to refuse to the senses the enjoyment which belongs to them in the manifestations of art."

Of the march, with chorus, from the *Tannhäuser* he says:

"The march consists of a very fine phrase which belongs to Weber. . . . This remarkable piece, which the whole world at once comprehended without commentary, proves that when music remains faithful to its own laws, the composer attains the high point at which he aims, and that then the ear is satisfied as well as the intelligence."

Of the introduction to the third act of *Tannhäuser* with the pilgrim chorus, he says:

"On this text the composer has placed a phrase somewhat well conceived, expressed by the stringed instruments, particularly the violins and repeated by the wind instruments, particularly the brass. After this gross opposition which is common to M. Wagner, a hollow antithesis which dispenses with the necessity of an idea, one perceives why a confusion of strange sonorities, painfully far-fetched harmonies, a waste of colors without any design to bear them or to direct the lost ear; and we listen to an immense effort of will, destitute of grace, and which ends in nothingness. At the appearance of the chorus, which joins its monotonous lamentations to the orchestral clamor, the intent becomes more perceptible, to again relapse into veritable chaos. It is difficult to listen to anything more monstrous. As to the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which we have known for a long time, and which the admirers of M. Wagner would have pass for a chef d'œuvre, it is a vast machine of symbolic and picturesque music, badly constructed and of desperate length, in which there is nothing to praise but the beginning and the peroration, which produces an increased energetic effect because the confusion and impotence of the musician have endured so long a time. The ear, anxious for order and light, eagerly seizes the opportunity of escaping from the torment which has been inflicted on it during the five minutes that this rare *morceau* occupies."

Omitting M. Scudo's description of the plot of the pieces performed, we give only his *resumé* regarding their merits. He says of the prelude and introduction to an opera called *Tristan and Isolde*:

"On this text the composer has certainly surpassed anything that we can imagine in the way of confusion, disorder and impotence. One might call it a wager against common sense and the simplest demands of the ear. If I had not heard this monstrous piling up of discordant sounds I should not have believed it possible. They assure us that the author sets a great deal on this composition which, contains the revelation of his second manner. I do not think that M. Wagner, with all his boldness, can ever reach a third transformation of this fine style."

Of the *Wedding March*, with chorus, and the *Nuptial fête with epithalamium*, from the opera of *Lohengrin* he has the following praise:

"The march has a fine character, although the musical idea on which it rests belongs to Mendelssohn, as one may convince himself by consulting the march in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Interrupted by the wedding chorus, which is charming and marvellously accompanied, the march resumes its theme with a power and vigorous, sonorous brilliancy, which produced the finest effect. The whole of this scene from the third act of *Lohengrin* is a masterly conception."

"The result of the different impressions that we have received is that M. Richard Wagner is no ordinary artist. Endowed, like almost all the remarkable men of our time, with more ambition than fecundity, more will than inspiration, M. Wagner has wished *per fas et nefas* to obtain celebrity. Not being able to act in the manner of true poets and predestined geniuses who sing their love as the bird warbles, as the flower exhales its perfume, as the brook murmurs while fecundating the shore which it bathes with the limpid waters, M. Wagner has made himself a reformer by the necessities of his own cause, and to cover with the éclat of a system the infirmities of his nature. . . .

"With an uneasy spirit, discontented, despising everything, pretending a contempt for popularity, but, in reality, very desirous of obtaining public favor, M. Wagner has been deprived by nature of the two qualities most necessary to a dramatic composer: imagination and sentiment. The author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* only conceives well those scenes of great stage display, exacting striking and opposing colors; he disposes of only two elements of musical art: rhythm and harmony. His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects, lacks variety and flexibility. His orchestra, almost constantly divided into two extreme parts, the stringed instruments in direct opposition to the brass, has no body, no continued theme which fills the ear with that sonorous paste which the great colorists like Beethoven, Weber and sometimes Mendelssohn, know to knead so well. A very skillful harmonist, M. Wagner shines but little by the brilliancy and novelty of his modulations. His style is monotonous, notwithstanding the efforts of a vigorous will and incontestable talent. He looks well to color, relief, oddity which he takes for profundity; but one soon perceives that the effects which he seeks and obtains are rather the results of the curiosity of the ear than the experiences of the sentiments of the soul. Like all the materialistic poets of our time, M. Wagner proceeds from the exterior sensation, not the inward emotion; he coldly seeks for and combines an effect before possessing the idea or having experienced the sentiment which he wishes to manifest. But the human heart is never deceived by this, and is only moved by realities."

We have translated most of this article which refers directly to Wagner's compositions. A great part of it is devoted to an examination of him as a man, and this we omit. It is curious to note the severity with which all new theories are treated by the adherents of the old ones. In politics, religion, music, it is the same. He who takes a step outside of the beaten track is considered a wanderer, whether his new path lead to unknown beauties or inextricable confusion. We cannot any of us, say what will form the delight of music lovers a century hence; as certainly those who lived a century ago would have looked on Meyerbeer and Wagner as bedlamites in music. Yet they are both worshipped by their special admirers, and it is a sure thing that much music wins upon our affections through simple familiarity. The long habit of hearing certain music will give it an interest to us which springs almost entirely from that habit. The changing fancies of the world, the gradual love for new things and putting by of old, is due quite as much to thirst for novelty, for new sensations, for new combinations, as to the real superiority of the new over the old. We get accustomed to the peculiarities of the new, they become even beauties, and the old forms lose their charm from disuse. Whether Wagner be a light which is to brighten the distant future, we cannot say; but it is certain that while many hail him as the ris-

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(ZAMIEL disappears; Caspar falls, and dies in violent convulsions.)

The musical score consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score begins with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The music is characterized by complex, rapid passages in both hands, with frequent use of chords and arpeggios. The tempo and mood are indicated by the dynamic markings and the overall character of the music. The score concludes with a piano (p) and dolce (dolce) marking.

ff

ff con fuoco.

p dolce.

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a piacere. *a tempo.*

poco più moto.

Adagio maestoso. *ritard.*

Andante con moto.

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The violin part has a more melodic line with some trills and grace notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a grand staff. The tempo markings are: *a piacere.* and *a tempo.* at the beginning, *poco più moto.* in the second system, *Adagio maestoso.* and *ritard.* in the sixth system, and *Andante con moto.* in the seventh system. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb and Eb) in the sixth system.

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First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The tempo marking *Adagio* is present.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo marking *Andante quasi Allegretto* is present.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Seventh system of musical notation, measures 25-28. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo).

Eighth system of musical notation, measures 29-32. The music continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

The musical score for page 60 of "Der Freyschütz" is presented in seven systems. Each system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The first six systems show a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The seventh system features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the bass staff, with the treble staff containing chords and melodic fragments. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "cresc.".

ing sun, others turn from him as an *ignis fatuus*. Scudo's article will have a certain interest to both parties.—*Boston Musical Times*, Sept. 22.

The Opera before Gluck.

In a general view of the history of the Opera, the central figures would be Gluck and Mozart. Before Gluck's time the operatic art was in its infancy and since the death of Mozart no operas have been produced equal to that composer's masterpieces. Mozart must have commenced his *Idomeneo*, the first of his celebrated works, the very year that Gluck retired to Vienna, after giving to the Parisians his *Iphigénie en Tauride*; but though contemporaries in the strict sense of the word, Gluck and Mozart can scarcely be looked upon as belonging to the same musical epoch. The compositions of the former, however immortal, have at least an antique cast; those of the latter have quite a modern air; and it must appear to the audiences of the present day that far more than twenty-three years separate *Orfeo* from *Don Giovanni*, though that is the precise interval that elapsed between the production of the opera by which Gluck, and of that by which Mozart, is best known in this country. Gluck, after a century and a half of opera, so far surpassed all his predecessors that no work by a composer anterior to him is now ever performed. Lulli wrote an *Armida*, which was followed by Rameau's *Armida*, which was followed by Gluck's *Armida*; and Monteverde wrote an *Orfeo* a hundred and fifty years before Gluck produced the *Orfeo* which was played only the other night at the Royal Italian Opera. The *Orfeo*, then, of our existing operatic repertory takes us back through its subject to the earliest of regular Italian operas, and similarly Gluck, through his *Armida*, appears as the successor of Rameau, who was the successor of Lulli, who usually passes for the founder of the opera in France—a country where it is particularly interesting to trace the progress of that entertainment, inasmuch as it can be observed at one establishment, which has existed continuously for two hundred years, and which, under the title of *Académie Royale*, *Académie Nationale*, and *Académie Impériale* (it has now gone by each of these names twice), has witnessed the production of more operatic masterpieces than any other theatre in any city in the world. To convince the reader of the truth of this latter assertion we need only remind him of the works written for the *Académie Royale* by Gluck and Piccini (or Piccini) immediately before the Revolution, and of the *Masaniello* of Auber, the *William Tell* of Rossini, and the *Robert le Diable* of Meyerbeer, given for the first time at the said *Académie* within sixteen years of the termination of the Napoleonic wars. Neither Naples, nor Milan, nor Prague, nor Vienna, nor Munich, nor Dresden, nor Berlin, has individually seen the birth of so many great operatic works by different masters, though, of course, if judged by the great number of great composers to whom they have given birth both Germany and Italy must be ranked infinitely higher than France. Indeed, if we compare France with our own country, we find, it is true, that an opera in the national language was established earlier, and an Italian Opera much earlier there than here; but, on the other hand, the French, until Gluck's time, had never any composers, native or adopted at all comparable to our Purcell, who produced his *King Arthur* as far back as 1691.

Lulli is said to have introduced opera into France, and, indeed, is represented in a picture, well known to opera-goers, receiving a privilege from the hands of Louis XIV. as a reward and encouragement for his services in that respect. This privilege, however, was neither deserved nor obtained in the manner supposed. Cardinal Mazarin introduced Italian Opera into Paris in 1645, when Lulli was only twelve years of age; and the first French opera, entitled *Akabar, Roi de Mogol*, words and music by the Abbé Mailly, was brought out the year following in the Episcopal Palace of Carpentras, under the direction of Cardinal Bichi, Urban the Eighth's legate. Clement VII. had already appeared as a librettist, and it is said that Urban VIII. himself recom-

mended the importation of the opera into France; so that the real father of the lyric stage in that country was certainly not a scullion but in all probability a Pope.

The second French opera was *La Pastorale en musique*, words by Perrin, music by Cambert, which was privately represented at Issy; and the third *Pomone*, also by Perrin and Cambert, which was publicly performed in Paris. *Pomone* was the first French opera heard by the Parisian public, and it was to Perrin its author, and not to Lulli, that the patent of the Royal Academy of Music was granted. A privilege for establishing an Academy Music had been conceded a hundred years before by Charles the Ninth, to Antoine de Baif,—the word "Académie" being used as an equivalent for "Accademia," the Italian for concert. Perrin's license appears to have been a renewal, as to form, of de Baif's, and thus originated the eminently absurd title which the chief operatic theatre of Paris has retained ever since. The Academy of Music is of course an academy in the sense in which the Théâtre Français is a college of declamation, and the Palais Royal Theatre a school of morality; but no one need seek to justify its title because it is known to owe its existence to a confusion of terms.

Six French operas, complete and in five acts, had been performed before Lulli, supported by Mad. de Montespan, succeeded in depriving Perrin of his "privilege," and securing it for himself—at the very moment when Perrin and Cambert were about to bring out their *Ariane*, of which the representation was stopped. The success of Lulli's intrigue drove Cambert to London, where he was received with much favor by Charles II., and appointed director of the court music, an office which he retained until his death.

Lulli had previously composed music for ballets, and for the songs and interludes of Molière's comedies, but his first regular opera, produced in conjunction with Quinault—being the seventh produced on the French stage—was *Cadmus and Hermione* (1673).

The life of the fortunate, unscrupulous, but really talented scullion, to whom is falsely attributed the honor of having founded the opera in France, has often been narrated, and for the most part very inaccurately. Every one knows that he arrived from Italy to enter the service of Mad. de Montpensier; some are aware of the offence for which he was degraded by that lady to the post of scullion, and which we can no more mention than we can publish the original of the needlessly elaborate reply attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo*; and a few may have read that it was only through the influence of Mad. de Montespan that he was saved from a shameful and horrible death on the Place de Grève, where Lulli's accomplice was actually burned, and his ashes thrown to the winds. The story of Lulli's obtaining letters of nobility through the excellence of his buffoonery in the part of the Muphti in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has often been told. This was in 1670, but once a noble, and director of the Royal Academy of Music, he showed but little disposition to contribute to the diversion of others, even by the exercise of his legitimate art. Not only did he refuse to play the violin, but he would not have one in his house. To overcome Lulli's repugnance in this respect, Marshal de Gramont hit upon a very ingenious plan. He used to make one of his servants play the violin in Lulli's presence, upon which the highly susceptible musician would snatch the instrument from the varlet's hands, and restore the murdered melody to life and beauty. Then excited by the pleasure of producing music, he forgot all around him, and continued to play to the delight of the marshal.

Lulli must have had sad trouble with his orchestra, for in his time a violinist was looked upon as merely an adjunct to a dancing master. There was a King of the Fiddles, without whose permission no catgut could be scraped; but in selling his licenses to dancing masters and the musicians of ball-rooms, the ruler of the bows

* Cambronne is said to have been very much annoyed at the invention of "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas;" and with reason, for he didn't die, and he did surrender.

does not appear to have required any proof of capacity from the purchasers. Even the simple expedient of shifting was unknown to Lulli's violinists, and for years after his death to reach the C above the line was a notable feat. The pit quite understood the difficulty, and when the dreaded *déménagement* had to be accomplished, would indulge in sarcastic shouts of "gare l'ut! gare l'ut!"

Strange tales are told of the members of Lulli's company. Duménil, the tenor, used to steal jewelry from the soprano and contralto of the troop, and to get intoxicated with the baritone. This eccentric virtuoso is said to have drank six bottles of champagne every night he performed, and to have improved gradually until about the fifth. Duménil, after one of his voyages to England, which he visited several times, lost his voice. Then, seeing no reason why he should moderate his intemperance at all, he gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking and died.

Mlle. Desmâtins, the original representative of *Armide*, was chiefly celebrated for her love of good living, her corpulence, and her bad grammar. She it was who wrote the celebrated letter communicating to a friend the death of her child "Notre an fan ai maure, vlen de boneure, le mien ai de te voire." Mlle. Desmâtins took so much pleasure in representing royal personages that she assumed the (theatrical) costume and demeanor of a queen in her own household; sat on a throne and made her attendants serve her on their knees. Another vocalist, Marthé Le Zochois, accused of grave flirtation with a bassoon, justified herself by showing a promise of marriage which the gallant instrumentalist had written on the back of an ace of spades.

The opera singers of this period were not particularly well paid, and history relates that Mlles. Aubry and Verdier, being engaged for the same line of business, had to live in the same room, and sleep in the same bed.

Marthé Le Zochois was fond of giving advice to her companions. "Inspire yourself with the situation," she said to Desmâtins, who had to represent Medea abandoned by Jason; "fancy your self in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored," added Marthé, thinking, no doubt, of the bassoon, what should you do?"

"I should look out for another," replied the ingenuous girl.

But by far the most distinguished operatic actress of this period was Mlle. de Maupin, now better known through Théophile Gautier's scandalous but brilliant and vigorously written romance, than by her actual adventures and exploits, which, however, were sufficiently remarkable. Mlle. de Maupin was in many respects the Lola Montez of her day, but with more beauty, more talent, more power, and more daring. When she appeared as Minerva in Lulli's *Cadmus*, and, taking off her helmet to the public, showed her lovely light-brown hair, which hung in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, the audience were in ecstasies of delight. With less talent, and less powers of fascination, she would infallibly have been executed for the numerous fatal duels in which she took part, and might even have been burnt alive for invading the sanctity of a convent at Avignon, to say nothing of her attempt to set fire to it. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Lola Montez was the Mlle. Maupin of her day; a Maupin of constitutional monarchy, and of a century which is moderate in its passions and its vices as in other things.

One of the most interesting and one of the latest works represented at the Royal Italian Opera was Gluck's *Orfeo*, and the reader has already seen how the *Orfeo* of Gluck takes us back to Rameau, Lulli, and the earliest days of the musical drama. We might have given this explanation beforehand. Perhaps the reader will be kind enough to accept it now?

Mr. B. J. Lang has returned from a tour in Europe, which we doubt not has passed both agreeably and profitably to himself. His many friends are glad to welcome him home again.

PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS.—The churchwarden of the church in the diocese of Ripon, England, has written a long reply to the letter of the bishop of Ripon published in our last justifying the employment of professional singers in churches, on four grounds: 1. The custom in cathedrals. 2. The requirements in the Book of Common Prayer. 3. The ordinary practice of announcing, on special occasions, particular preachers. 4. The difficulties which churchwardens experience in obtaining the funds which are required for the repair of churches, etc. The bishop answers at length, adhering to his previous opinion, and points out the difference between a regular choir and a professional singer. He says: "You are mistaken in supposing it is the custom to announce that professional singers will take part in cathedral services. Each cathedral has its own staff of singers, who are trained to the practice of music, and to whom devolve mainly the due performance of the musical portions of the service. I am not aware of any instance in which professional singing has been advertised as an attraction to bring persons to attend cathedral service. The practice is in reality indefensible. It is derogatory to the honor of God; it is at variance with the spirit of your Church service; it is fraught with many evils. Its tendency is to degrade our churches to the level of the concert-room; to make persons lose sight of the real ends of public worship, and in their admiration of musical talent to forget that we meet in the Lord's house for united prayer, united praise, and in order that our souls may be fed with the wholesome food of God's holy word and sacraments. When a parish is blessed with an active and laborious minister of Christ, in season and out of season abounding in his Master's work, preaching to his people both by word and example, and showing himself "in all things a pattern of good works," I am sanguine enough to believe that such a minister will succeed to rally around him an attached and willing people, ready to uphold to the utmost of their power the due observance of our holy religion. There will be no need in such a case to employ any doubtful measures for creating an interest in behalf of the Church or her services. I am desirous to see these services upheld with the utmost propriety and efficiency. There is not a parish in the diocese in which there may not be found a sufficient number of persons competent to lead congregational singing. I think it important to cultivate the taste for music. We ought to give to God of our best; but it is no gain to the cause of religion, whenever by the introduction of highly artistic music the congregation are deprived of the privilege of joining in the praises of God; or whenever, for the sake of replenishing a churchwarden's exchequer, the season for the celebration of public worship is employed as an occasion for calling together a multitude to have their musical taste gratified by the performance of select pieces of fine music."

MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.—The feeble rays of divine truth which broke from the mind of Wickliffe, on a dark and corrupt age, and which increased their radiance, until the deformity and impious domination of the Romish Church was broken at the Reformation, carried with them some alteration in the choral service of the Church. A more simplified style of singing was practiced by the followers of Wickliffe which was carried forward by the Hussites.

With these examples before him, Calvin gave a still greater impulse to dissent from the choral service of the Popish Church, with which, on many other accounts, it is well known he had but little sympathy. With the assistance of Theodore Beza, he introduced a new version of the Psalms set to music by Guillaume Franco, in one part only. These compositions soon became popular through all the reformed Churches.

Martin Luther from having an ear no doubt more correctly attuned to melodious sounds than those of the two foregoing celebrated men and a soul on which devotion ascended more readily on the sublime strains of devotion, retained more of the splendor of the established choral service. He composed many hymns, some of which he himself set to music; specimens of both remain to the present time. The hymn beginning, "Great God, what do I see and hear," etc., and the "Old Hundred" tune, are considered, amidst some doubts, to be of the number.

In England, many of the Reformers disapproved of the secular spirit and cumbersome ceremonies of the musical part of the Church service, and Latimer went so far as to forbid singing of any kind within the limits of his diocese.—*Hirst's Music of the Church.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—The piano factory of Boardman, Gray & Co., was burnt Sept. 16. with 150 pianos. Loss \$90,000; insured \$59,000.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Bulletin* says of Patti's performance in *La Traviata*, in which she appeared on Monday evening of last week.

The whole of the music of the first act was exquisitely sung, and there was enough of vivacity in her acting. But it was difficult to reconcile the character of the fallen woman of the opera with the youth and innocence of the singer, and we pay a compliment to Miss Patti when we say she did not well represent Violetta. But her singing was beautiful, and at the first fall of the curtain the applause was hearty.

In the subsequent scenes of the opera the physical and dramatic deficiencies of the young artist showed themselves, and though no fault could be found with her singing, the want of force and intensity, and the inadequacy of her young and sunny face to represent the anguish and passion that the situations call for, were very obvious. With delicious singing, perfect propriety and grace in movement, and intelligence in every phrase that she uttered, Miss Patti still failed to make an impression as Violetta, although the applause, especially in the last act, was very generous. It is not to be regretted that a young artist, who is so charming in other parts, and who sings the music of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti so much better than any other woman in the country, should not be equal to the stormy music of Verdi. With increasing years and vigor, and with some harsher experience of a world that has thus far treated her only with kindness, Miss Patti may acquire also the power and the passion essential to the proper performance of Verdi's operas. At present we prefer not to see her in them.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—At the "Golden Eagle" we also found one whose name is a "household word" in thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic, Hans Christian Andersen, beloved of children, for whom he has written so many exquisite stories. M. Andersen looks to be about fifty years of age; is very tall, fair, rather thin, of very simple, gentlemanly bearing, with a long, placid, benevolent face, that seems to be always on the point of breaking into a smile, large white teeth, clear, blue, child-like eyes, light hair, and an entire absence of beard and whisker. He spends his summers—in long frock coat, lavender kid gloves, and his inseparable umbrella under his arm—in wandering leisurely through the loveliest portions of Switzerland and Italy, visiting old friends, making new ones, and filling his mind with the noblest and loveliest imagery of nature. After which he turns his steps to his northern home, and adds some new tale to the long list of charming creations which have made his name so pleasant a sound to his readers. Though one of the kindest and most affectionate of human beings, M. Andersen is not only unmarried, but is believed to have never been in love. He is a universal favorite, and his heart has been invaded and taken possession of by such numbers of appreciative and affectionate friends of both sexes, that he seems to have found it impossible to give himself up to any more exclusive sentiment. He is a great admirer of the scenery of Lake Lucerne, and comes every year to the "Golden Eagle," for whose owners he professes great regard.—*Corr. of Saturday Evening Post.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 6, 1860.

Italian Opera.

The Opera has come to us at an unfortunate season. The Presidential Election, always an exciting event, brings this year an unwonted interest. Mass meetings break out sporadically by day, while nightly processions with prismatic torches, rubber capes, sulphureous fumes, and indefatigable drums fill all our streets and penetrate to the quietest of our suburbs. A never ending rub-a-dub, from dusk on to the small hours. *Inter arma silent cantores.*

The fashionable world meanwhile acknowledges a gentle flutter of interest in the Renfrew Ball. Diamonds are re-set; antique laces are taken from perfumed cabinets; and all the resources of millinery will be employed to dazzle and bewilder. With an anticipation of an evening in the presence of royalty, and the possibility of contact with a princely hand, what belle could be content with the tame pleasure of an evening at the opera? No, Mr. Servadio, you have fallen on evil times. The shilling gallery has

been recruited for tantara clubs, and the dress-circle will glisten no more with jewels until The Event.

The season opened with *Il Poluto*, never a favorite in this city. We were not able to be present, but have been informed that it was, in mercantile phrase, a fair average performance.

"The Barber" drew a better house on Wednesday evening, although there were some appalling blank spaces, and, in consequence, breaks in the magnetic circle on which sympathetic enthusiasm runs. The melodies sparkled gaily and the whole performance went off smoothly and without jar. But that is not enough for an opera like "The Barber"; the brisk action, the laughing volubility, the *vis comica* were sadly wanting. *Figaro* requires the sprightliness of Mercury, *talaria* and all; it is not enough that he sings the music without mistakes, and follows the traditional routine of stage business. We must say, however, that Signor Ardavanni has a fine figure, a rich voice, and a good method. Signor Tamaro is a singer whose short-comings are due to Nature rather than himself. He always strives to please and generally sings well, but he rarely interests the audience; perhaps because people do not fancy a hero five and a half feet high. His *Count Almaviva* suited the general tameness that prevailed upon the stage. Signor Bellini is one of the stereotyped buffos, whose fun lies mainly in a *quasi parlando* style that is neither singing nor talking,—a hoarse jollity, like Captain Cuttle disporting through a speaking trumpet,—walking meanwhile with legs wide a-straddle, and grinning with a portentously painted visage. Funny, but not artistic. Signor Amodio as *Don Basilio* is always amusing and his occasional extravagances and English interpolations may perhaps be pardoned in a character meant to be grotesque. Miss Phillips showed little trace of her recent severe illness, and confirmed the favorable impression she made in her former appearance as *Rosina*. Her full tones were never more beautiful; her manner, though not so coquettish (it seems to us) as the character requires, was lively and engaging. Perhaps a tenor of more spirit would have brought out her reserved force and stimulated her to a more brilliant style of acting.

The orchestra was ably directed by Mr. Anschütz. On Thursday, Signor Amodio the younger was to make his debut in the rôle of *Germont* in *La Traviata*. None of the new stars up to this present writing have appeared upon the stage. We are promised two new and beautiful *prime donne* also a new opera, *La Juif*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening a complimentary concert is to be given to Mr. Gilmore at the Music Hall. The orchestra will number sixty performers. We trust the benefit may be a substantial one.

The Handel and Haydn Society commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening at Chickering's new hall. The room was very much admired both for its acoustic properties and for the simple elegance of its decorations.

Mr. Mills, the English pianist whose first appearance we chronicled some weeks ago, we hear is coming here soon, to give a series of classical concerts—partly, it is said, for the purpose of introducing the Steinway pianofortes.

We have received a letter from our correspondent the "Diarrist" (too late for this number) dated at Bonn, Sept. 9th.

LYMAN W. WHEELER, a very successful teacher for several years in the West, sailed for Europe on Wednesday in the "Europa."

Mr. ZERRAHN contemplates establishing a vocal class or classes for young ladies on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The course will begin with the rudiments and carry the pupils to reading at sight. The success of Mr. Zerrahn's vocal teaching in the Normal School seems to have given rise to this plan, which is certainly a good one and deserving of encouragement.

THE CONCERT SEASON will probably commence about the last of October. Rumors are rife of a series by the Philharmonic Society; another by Mills, the young English pianist; and the regular series by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. In case the Philharmonic Society fail to give concerts, Carl Zerrahn will offer a subscription series, as heretofore. The Handel and Haydn Society also have several novelties in the course of preparation, and there is every reason to anticipate rich and rare musical treats during the winter months.

SOBOLEWSKI, composer of an American opera in the German language, which was performed at Milwaukee last season, not without success, has lately been induced to remove from there to St. Louis, where a Philharmonic Society, under his direction, has since been established—something that was very much needed in the Babel of orchestras and brass bands, as St. Louis has been termed. The new Society starts with a fund of 15,000 dollars, contributed by citizens.

WACHTEL, the great new German tenor, of which our last week's Viennese report spoke, was formerly a hack-driver in Hamburg.

OFFENBACHS' comic operetta, "Orpheus in the lower regions," has reached the 229th representation in Paris. It was brought out first a little over a year ago. A German version of the play is now being performed in Berlin and Vienna with the same success. The comic points are mostly in the text.

BIRTHDAY ONCE IN FOUR YEARS.—Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, consequently his birthday occurs but once in four years.

THE SUNDAY COURIER.—We find in the *Macon Republic* the following well-deserved notice of the *Sunday Courier* of New York. Charles F. Briggs, the editor, is one of the ablest literary men in the country. He edited Putnam's Monthly during its palmy days, and under the *soubriquet* of "Harry Franco," wrote many admirable tales and poems. "The New York *Sunday Courier* is the best and most scholarly of the Sunday journals published in the great metropolis. Its leading articles are always full of sound logic, and well written. There is also a dash of satire in its comments on public men and things, as cutting as the edge of a small sword, and much more dangerous. Our contemporary, we know, must be a pleasant, as well as a gallant gentleman, for he says so many good things of the ladies, and never touches their dresses without being spicy. All respectable people, we should think, would take the *Courier*, since it discards politics altogether."—*Home Journal*.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, has arrived at her native city (Stockholm), where she received a most enthusiastic welcome. The family are spending the season at a villa in the neighborhood of the city; but we believe M. and Madame Goldschmidt have made England their permanent place of residence.

A FOOLISH VIOLIN PLAYER.—The latest bit of gossip that has come to our ears, is of Wieniowski, the celebrated violin player, who may have delighted many of our readers. Previous to his marriage with

Miss Hampton, the niece of Mr. Osborn, of musical fame, he thought he would take a run of a day or two up the Rhine, not, like a wise man, waiting till he had some one to take care of him. The consequence was, that he must just take an hour's look in to see old friends at Wiesbaden, and then to pass an idle moment looking at the green table doings. But the enticements were too great for a Pole, and from a florin to forty thousand francs was a rapid step, and he came away to his bride a sadder and a wiser man, and will be able to expend a little real knowledge of the feelings of the gambler in the composition of a brilliant fantasia, entitled "Le Jeu," which, in a grand diminuendo roudade, will show the way the money went.—*Home Journal*.

The *Home Journal* says:

Lamartine has written a biographical and critical sketch of Estelle Anna Lewis, the poetess, for the *Cours de Littérature*. Alfred Montemont is translating into the French language her poems, comprising "Records of the Heart," "Child of the Sea," "Loves of the Minstrels," and "Helema, the Last of the Montezumas," a tragedy.

We wonder what the belle monde of Paris will think of the state of poetry in the United States? Could Lamartine find no better employment (in the intervals of his princely mendicity) than the translation of poor poems?

HUMOR AND MUSIC.—When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless; it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Veilla," "Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled down their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear, delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the arms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities—of kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears.—*Thackeray*.

WORCESTER.—The Germania Band played finely at the concert last night, and drew hearty applause from a large and appreciating audience. They have always been the favorite concert band of Boston, with a large portion of the New England public, and they will always find a welcome in Worcester. They accompany the third battalion to Leominster.

CHOPIN.—He was a delicate, graceful figure, in the highest degree attractive—the whole man a mere breath—rather a spiritual than a bodily substance,—all harmony like his playing. His way of speaking, too, was like the character of his art—soft, fluctuating, murmuring. The son of a French father and of a Polish mother, in him the Romanic and Slavonic dialects were combined, as it were in one perfect harmony. He seemed, indeed, hardly to touch the piano; you might have fancied he would do quite as well without as with the instrument: you thought no more of the mechanism, but listened to flute like murmurs, and dreamed of hearing Æolian harps stirred by the ethereal breathings of the wind; and with all this—in this whole wide sphere of talents given to him alone—always obliging, modest, unexact! He was no pianoforte player of the modern sort; he had fashioned his art quite alone in his own way, and it was something indescribable. In private rooms as well as in concerts, he would steal quietly, unaffectedly, to the piano; was content with any kind of seat; showed at once, by his simple dress and natural demeanor, that he abhorred every kind

of grimace and quackery; and began, without any prelude, his performance. How feeling it was—how full of soul! * * * When I first knew him, though far from strong, he still enjoyed good health; he was very gay, even satirical, but always with moderation and good taste. He possessed an inconceivably comic gift of mimicry, and in private circles of friends he diffused the utmost cheerfulness both by his genius and by his good spirits. * * * Halle has now the best traditions of his manner.

HAYDN IN HIS OLD AGE.—You knock at the door; it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, his housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find in the second chamber of a very simple apartment a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones; you think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into this habitual state of lethargy and sadness.—*Aurelian*.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her characters; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out; but by lighting gradually I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Malibran has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal, with a song at some morning concert between its pauses, and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever at the Philharmonic or Ancient concert, and then again she would leave for some private party, where after singing with a freshness little impaired she would wind up the day's exertion, perhaps, by dancing the "Tarantella."

APOLOGUE OF JEAN-PAUL RICHTER.—One day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility thus addressed Jupiter:—"Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love." "Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity,—"tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passions?" The genius answered,—"O, god of men tears do not sufficiently speak the overflowings of the heart; give, I thee supplicate, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul,—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy,—the soft dreams of youth, and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean;—give them, father of all! a new language of the heart." At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests:—"Descend on earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language." And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.—May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily anything green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hantboy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

Musical Miscellany.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN MUSIC.—You will stare at a strange notion of mine; if it appears even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures, is the cheapest. It is capable of fame without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole.*

A POPULAR BOOK.—One hundred and thirty-five thousand copies of the "Golden Wreath," a volume of songs for children, schools, &c. have been sold. This sale is unprecedented in the music-book trade, no work having ever reached that number within the same period of time. A new book, similar in character, entitled "The Nightingale," seems inclined to follow in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor.

SINGING AT SIGHT.—In 1741, Handel, proceeding to Ireland, was detained for some days at Chester, in consequence of the weather. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know whether there were any choir men in the Cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the best singers in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel had taken up his residence; when, on trial of the chorus in the Messiah,

"And with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed completely. Handel got enraged, and after abusing him in five or six different languages, exclaimed in broken English, "You scoundrel, 'tis not you tell me that you could sing at sight?" "Yes, sir," said the printer, "and so I can, but not at first sight."

APPRECIATED.—The numerous applications for Ditson & Co.'s extensive catalogue of sheet music and books indicates a just appreciation of their offer to mail it free to any address. The catalogue is the largest in this country, and its admirable classification of musical publications renders it exceedingly valuable.

SACRED MUSIC.—At first it was a whisper among the lowly in the dwellings of the poor. Stealthily it afterwards was murmured in the palace of the Caesars. In the dead night, in the depths of the catacombs, it trembled in subdued melodies filled with the love of Jesus. At length the grand cathedral arose, and the stately spire; courts and arches echoed, and pillars shook with the thunder of the majestic organ, and choirs sweetly attuned, joined their voices in all the moods and measures of the religious heart, in its most exalted, most profound, most intense experience put into lyrical expression. I know that piety may reject, may repel this form of expression, still these sublime ritual harmonies cannot but give the spirit that sympathizes with them, the sense of a mightier being. But sacred music has power without a ritual. In the rugged hymn, which connects itself, not alone with immortality, but also with the memory of brave saints, there is power. There is power in the hymn in which our father's joined. Grand were those rude psalms which once arose amidst the solitudes of the Alps.

Grand were those religious songs, sung in brave devotion by the persecuted Scotch, in the depths of their moors and their glens. The hundredth psalm, rising in the fullness of three thousand voices up into the clear sky, broken among rocks, prolonged and modulated through valleys, softened over the surface of mountain-guarded lakes, had a grandeur and a majesty, contrasted with which mere art is poverty and meanness. And while thus reflecting on sacred music, we think with wonder on the Christian Church—on its power and on its compass. Less than nineteen centuries ago, its first hymn was sung in an upper chamber of Jerusalem; and those who sung it were quickly scattered. And now the Christian hymn is one that never ceases—one that is heard in every tongue; and the whisper of that upper chamber is now a chorus that fills the world.—*Rev. Henry Giles.*

A GEM FOR SOCIETIES AND CLUBS.—"The Operatic Bouquet."—Mr. Bruce has prepared this book in a manner highly creditable, and fully satisfactory to the hundreds of societies and private clubs of musical amateurs who have long wanted a collection of the kind. It will be one of the leading books of the season.

DR. JOHNSON.—The late Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective; nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish to God it had been impossible."

De Lisle wrote his immortal Marseillaise Hymn, music and words, in a single night of excitement; Rossini, the famous *Di Tanti Palpiti* in a restaurant while waiting for his macaroni; Mozart, the overture of *Don Giovanni* during a few hours of midnight, while his dear Constance, in order to keep him awake, had to ply him with punch, and tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came; and his opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, he commenced in his travelling carriage, and completed in eighteen days. Bellini composed one of the most exquisite arias in *La Norma*, as he wandered in a fit of deep melancholy through a masquerade ball room.

THE VIOLIN A PERFECT INSTRUMENT.—It would appear that the violin is a perfect instrument, since, although more than two hundred and fifty years have transpired since its origin in Italy, and countless attempts have been made to improve upon its construction, it not only remains without material change, but connoisseurs esteem the oldest specimens of the greatest value—especially those made by the brothers Amati, and by Straduaris, at Cremona, about the year 1650.

LABLACHE was born at Naples in 1792. He was at one time one of the most popular buffo actors in Italy, and would have passed his life as such but for the persuasions of his wife, who urged him to a career of more extended labors. As one of the results of his efforts we have "Lablache's Method of Singing," one of the most popular and meritorious systems of vocal instruction in use.

All nature's full of music: The summer bower Respondeth to the songster's morning lay
The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower,
As forth he sallies on his honied way;
Brook calls to brook, as down the hills they stray;
The isles resound with song, from shore to shore,
Whilst viewless minstrels on the wings that play,
Consoled streams in liquid measures pour,
To thunder's deep ton'd voice, or ocean's sullen roar.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- I think of love and thee. *J. L. Hatton.* 25
A very pleasing parlor song.
- Old times and old friends. *McNaughton.* 25
A fireside-song in this author's easy and agreeable style.
- Lovely Lillie Dee. Song & Chorus. *F. Wilson.* 25
A capital song of its kind, likely to become popular.
- Yes or no. *Stephen Glover.* 25
The air of this little song is pretty and lively and will be liked by young singers.
- Good night. (Cradle Song.) *A. Reichardt.* 25
A beautiful song in the German style, by the composer of the much admired ballad "Thou art so near and yet so far."

- Hushed are the winds. *H. von Benzon.* 25
A pretty song, which, in a young lady's music-folio, would not likely be passed over.
- Mother, dear, I'm thinking of you. With Guitar accompaniment. *Ordway.* 25
Make me no gaudy chaplet. With Guitar accompaniment. *"Lucrezia Borgia."* 25
- Joe Hardy. With Guitar accomp. *C. J. Dorn.* 25

Now made accessible for the first time to those who use the guitar as an instrument to accompany the voice. The arrangements are simple.

Instrumental Music.

- Une nuit sur l'océan. Nocturne sentimentale. *August Gockel.* 35
The composer, a pupil of Mendelssohn, and known through some of the Eastern states, a few years ago, as a young pianist of rare natural gifts, wrote this charming little Song without words on his passage hither from his native country. It is technically not difficult, but wants very precise and neat execution.
- Ever of thee Quickstep. *J. W. Turner.* 25
A stirring piece of music by the popular composer introducing in the Trio the beautiful melody, from which the title is taken.

- Prince Imperial Quadrille. *L. Louis.* 35
This is the true and genuine copy of the new leading quadrille in Paris. The principal professors of the Terpsichorean art in our large cities are going to introduce it and it will doubtless prove taking. The figures are accurately given.

- Flirtation Galop. *Carl Zerrahn.* 25
A very pleasing Galop, which, with the advent of the Afternoon Rehearsals in a month or two, will become very popular.

Books.

- DITSON & Co.'s STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS.** Comprising all the Principal Operas and containing English and Italian Words, with the Music of the Principal Airs. Each 25

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

